

Intercollegiate Rowing Three Races for Harvard Cornell Crew the Favorite Other Sports

ALL READY FOR BIG REGATTA ON HUDSON

Promise of Thrilling Race When Six Varsity Crews Face the Starter.

CORNELL AGAIN FAVORITE

Columbia Looms Up on Eve of Great Struggle—Poughkeepsie Takes On Its Yearly Gay Dress.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 20.—Peace and quiet held away over the Hudson River tonight, like the calm before a storm. The climax of a year's toil and labor comes to-morrow, when six of the best college varsity crews that ever paddled a starter will paddle out on the Poughkeepsie-Hudson course at Krum Elbow to row a race that is likely to no down in the annals of American college sports as the greatest contest ever seen in this country on the water.

Cornell, victor in almost two-score races on the Hudson, seems to hold the master key, and the crew that beats the Ithacans in the grueling struggle to the finish will have full right to all the honors.

The oarsmen took things easily to-night, and every effort was made by the coaches to keep their protégés away from all excitement other than that inspired by their longing for the hour of the race. Poughkeepsie, however, was being transformed from a quiet Hudson business town into a flaming college stamping ground. Main street has taken on its festive robes of college bunting and decorated windows, and the hotels have thrown open their lobbies to the graduates and undergraduates alike of the six universities.

There is not a single observation train that is not packed to-night, and unless bad weather discourages the visitors and induces them to get rid of those they have secured well in advance there is sure to be a tight market to-morrow morning. There is said to be a big slice of the surplus in the hands of scalpers.

Weather Not Promising.
The weather man has little of cheerfulness to impart in his report. Warmer, with possible showers, is not encouraging. It had been hoped that the cool weather which prevailed earlier in the week would continue through race day, but judging from the sticky atmosphere to-night there is a chance of as trying a day as prevailed last year.

Owing to the rainstorm which deluged Poughkeepsie in the early evening there were not many of the college backers in evidence to start the ball rolling in the betting line. A little business was done in the lobbies of the Nelson House, but, in the whole, things were quiet.

One of the surprising bets offered by Cornell men was even money that they would take two out of three races. Several jumped for some of this and took rather large slices. It was expected that the Cornell backers would demand odds in such a bet, for there is uncertainty generally felt over the outcome of the two minor races.

Not in years has so much interest been shown in the regatta. Poughkeepsie expects to play the host to at least fifty thousand persons, and the little city is decorated as it has not been since the early days of the races.

Automobiles are bringing fresh crowds every minute and the trains are unloading racing enthusiasts, who refuse to let the fact that accommodations can be had neither for love nor money dim their ardor.

The Hudson River is thronged with more yachts than have ever gathered here, and every foot of the way, from the bridge to the finish line, will be taken up by steamers and boats of all kinds. Only the smaller pleasure craft will be allowed to land on the west side of the river, and the five thousand lucky persons who have seats on the observation train will have a clear view of the races from start to finish.

Special auxiliary stations of the Poughkeepsie Red Cross are to be opened on the Highland side of the river, each under the direction of a Poughkeepsie physician and equipped with all kinds of medical supplies for an emergency. Last year the boat was so terrific that there were many deaths from exhaustion, and it was almost impossible to get relief near at hand. It is to obviate the dangers of just this sort of thing that the Red Cross will have its branches open.

Columbia Crew Looms Up.
Although the Columbia crew has not been seen much with the other crews on the river, the impression has gained ground in the last day or two that Jim Rice will present a boatload to-morrow that will be every bit as ready as any that ever flaunted the light blue and white. The Columbia varsity boat was in a bad slump when it came to Poughkeepsie, and the frequent changes which Rice made in the shell after arriving at the scene of action led many to believe that the eight was not so good as usual and that there were weak spots which he was discovering only at the last minute.

Every one agrees, however, that never in the six years that Rice has had charge of the Hudson will the men go to the post in better condition physically than to-morrow.

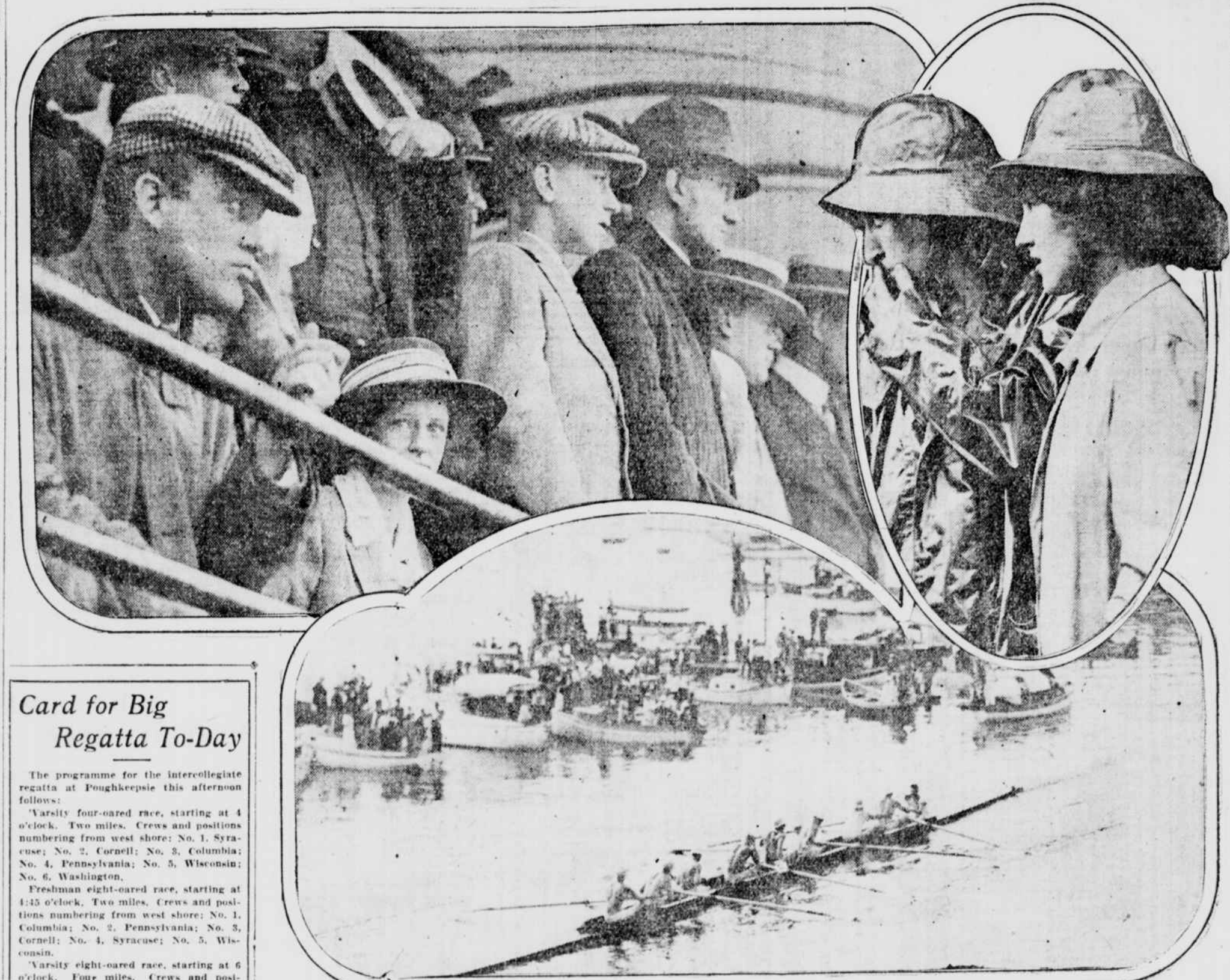
It seems pretty well settled in the minds of all that the battle again will be between Cornell and Columbia, with the chances in Cornell's favor. The unsatisfactory time rows and Harry Vail's own statement can be taken as a sure indication that the Wisconsin varsity eight is not as good a crew as the Badgers had a year ago.

The University of Washington has shown surprising form in the last week, and probably will be well up to-morrow, especially if it can keep up the burning pace of the first three miles.

The Pennsylvania crews, although they have shown to advantage in practice time trials, do not seem to be any better than usual, excepting possibly the freshman eight.

Two Great Stroke Oars.

HARVARD ROOTERS ON OBSERVATION TRAIN AND THE HARVARD CREW WHICH PULLED AWAY FROM THE YALE EIGHT AT NEW LONDON YESTERDAY



Harvard crew just after crossing the finish line, showing men easing up in their stroke.

Harvard Crews Row Away from Yale in Three Races on Thames

Continued from first page.

marks the regatta was hidden under slickers and waterproofs. When the varsity boats came to the line the sun was shining brightly, and the haze which had obscured the long line of pleasure craft had lifted.

Yachts Line End of Course.
It was then a little more like the enchanting scene that New London discloses to the regatta crews each year. The yachts—and it seemed there were myriads of them, from staunch ocean-going vessels and stout cruisers to tiny launches, with here and there a schooner or sloop sending its slender spars up through the riot of bunting and flags—stretched in a double line from the navy yard to the finish.

The dreariness of the day seemed to reflect itself on the crowds. There was little of the sparkle and dash, with the biting cheers and the answering slogans, during the long wait at the start. It was a lazy, more or less indifferent crowd, at least the Harvard portion of it was, while the Yale supporters, their confidence shaken by the disaster of the morning, were trying to keep up their courage in the hope that the varsity boat, after six years of waiting, would at last give them something to exult over.

There was a long delay at the start of the big race, while the regatta committee boat came up the course, the referee being obliged to hold the eager oarsmen for more than fifteen minutes. When the crews were at last ready the referee's boat drifted gently down toward them, and after the usual warnings there was a sharp bark from the pistol and the shells were off.

Yale Forces Early Pace.
For the first half minute Yale rowed a stroke as high as 44 to Harvard's 39, and the Blue shot into the lead. First it was by a few feet, then by yards, and before the crews had covered two hundred yards Yale was a quarter of a length in front.

It was here that Harvard began to rouse itself, and when Chandler realized that Yale was forcing the fighting he came back with a spurt that soon began to cut down the Yale advantage. He raised the stroke notch by notch, while Crocker, the Yale pace setter, was content to keep his crew toiling along at 32. Exactly at the three-quarter mile mark Harvard got on even terms with the Blue. Another half dozen strokes and Yale relinquished the lead, never to regain it, although it fought on, rowing absolutely the same stroke as the Crimson, but dropping back steadily.

Although apparently putting greater effort into its stroke than Harvard, Yale was not getting equal speed out of its shell. Most of the work was being done with the shoulders, and the heave at the catch was tremendous. The leg drive, however, was almost neglected. Yale was rowing, however, with apparently less rigidity of movement and form than marked the application of power in the Harvard shell.

The Yale men, with the possible exception of Crocker, were rowing wonderfully together. Crocker was a little out of time with his body, a fact accentuated by a peculiar swing of his head at every stroke.

After the first mile there was nothing to the race, barring the possibility that a man in the Harvard boat should collapse and force his crew to lose the lead. At the mile post the Crimson continued to row a stroke two points higher than Yale, the beats being 34 and 32. At this mark Harvard was three-quarters of a length ahead of Yale and gaining at every stroke.

Crimson Gaining at Each Stroke.
Yale was putting the stroke through better than Harvard at the mile and a half mark, and continued to get a better finish than the Crimson to the end, but it made little difference to the unbeatable power that was sending the Harvard shell ahead a foot or two at every stroke. Both crews had dropped their stroke and Yale continued to row a lower beat than Harvard, pulling through at 31 to 32 for the Crimson. Devereux, the new bow man in the Yale shell, seemed to have found himself, and none of the awkward breaks in form that marked his rowing practice were visible. He swung in, well with the other men and never hurried his stroke from over-excitement, as green and untried men are wont to do.

Harvard was fully a length of open water in the lead at the two-mile mark and each crew was rowing 20. Crocker, who had weakened a trifle in the preceding mile, seemed to have pulled himself together again, and he shot the stroke up to 33 in an effort to cut down the already commanding lead the Crimson had gained.

Chandler, seeing a quickening in the pace of the Yale boat, accepted the challenge, for it was evident that Harvard was still afraid of this Yale crew that had forced the fighting for the opening mile, and he shot the stroke up to a couple of notches himself. Rowing 33, Yale was able to gain almost a length on the Crimson, when the boat was gradually let down again, and Harvard, realizing that all danger was past, went out and set the pace it wanted to the end.

At the three-mile flag Yale was almost five lengths in the lead, and was dropping back every second. The men were rowing every bit as well to all intents and purposes as they did in the beginning, but the power was not there and the shell lost speed continually. Coming down the final mile, Harvard gradually raised the stroke, and in the last minutes rowed thirty-three full strokes. Yale, badly tired and beaten, had to row sixteen strokes to cross the line after Harvard had finished.

None of the Harvard oarsmen seemed to feel the effects of the race, although all were tired. Crocker, the Yale stroke, was more down than up than any of the other men in the Blue shell, but he never faltered until the line was crossed. Philbin, No. 4, rowed himself pretty nearly out, but he sat up and joined in the cheer for the victors.

CREWS ELECT CAPTAINS
Snowden to Lead Yale Again—
Reynolds Harvard's Choice.

Gales Ferry, Conn., June 20.—Captain Charles Nelson Snowden, No. 2 on Yale's varsity eight, was re-elected captain following the race to-night. He comes from Pittsburgh, and is a member of the senior class of Sheffield Scientific School. Quinby Reynolds, '14, of Montclair, N. J., was elected captain of the Harvard crew after to-day's races. He rowed as bow oar of the varsity eight.

YALE FRESHMEN MAKE HARD FIGHT, BUT LOSE

Harvard Eight Crosses Line a Length Ahead After Fierce, Spirited Struggle.

BULLDOG BARKS IN VAIN

Race an Even Thing for Half a Mile, When Crimson Forges in Front, Never to Be Headed.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)
New London, Conn., June 20.—The Yale freshman crew made a gallant fight against the Harvard '18 eight, which is conceded to be one of the best the Crimson has ever had, a fact made the more certain because of the ease with which they defeated the Cornell freshman crew on Lake Cayuga a month ago.

After fighting gamely every inch of the way, the Yale boat finally had to acknowledge defeat by a little more than a length. The Harvard eight crossed the line in 10:41, and four seconds later, or in 10:45, the Yale crew rowed their last stroke.

Rain was pelting down in sheets when the two crews came to their stakeboats. The Yale bulldog, not the fabled bulldog of tradition, but a real, live bull pup, created a sensation just before the race was started. The dog was on the Yale coaching launch, and after the cheers from the observation train had died down he began to bark madly, and the Yale supporters thought they saw an auspicious omen. It turned out to be otherwise, however.

Harvard was kept waiting on the line for several minutes before Yale put off from the launch. As in the four-oared race, the Crimson lost a fraction of a second in getting away, and it seemed that the Yale crews had been better drilled in racing starts. Harvard, with its shorter and choppy stroke, rowed at the rate of 44 for the minute for the first half-minute, while Yale, after getting the boat going with 40 for the first quarter minute, dropped the beat down to 36 and then let it go to 32.

But the first half mile it was hammer and tongs before either crew gave way. Then, when Gillilan, the Yale stroke, let the beat down Harvard got a perceptible lead of a quarter of a length. When the Crimson settled into its stride it pulled 33, while Yale dropped to 31, and thus the two crews fought along, Harvard gradually forging to the front, although Yale held its own strongly.

The three-quarter-mile mark found Harvard almost a full length in the van, and in the next quarter mile the Crimson for the first time opened up daylight between the shells. Just before reaching the half way flag Chichester, the Harvard pace setter, raised the beat, and the Cambridge prow passed the flag five seconds or a quarter of a length of open water ahead of the Yale eight.

The race was just beginning for the Yale crew, however, and Gillilan unexpectedly began to tear his boat along with a terrific 36 to the minute. Foot by foot the Blue gained back all the open water, and the stem of the New Haven boat was even with the Harvard coxswain when the Crimson awoke to the situation. Chichester shot the beat up point by point until he had the Crimson driving the boat through at 38 strokes to the minute. Still the Yale youngsters hung on, and it seemed that if they could hold the pace they would force Harvard's hand and beat the Crimson to the line.

At the three-quarter-mile point, however, Gillilan was forced to drop the stroke, and Harvard once more began to creep ahead. When the Crimson was a length in front again Gillilan made another attempt to block off the Cambridge eight, but it was of no avail. Harvard rowed the last eight strokes in twelve seconds, which is at the rate of forty for the minute. None of the Yale men showed the least sign of fatigue, and they seemed to be in better condition than the four.

GOOD WAY TO SEE REGATTA

Observation Steamers to Go Up the Hudson River.

Those who have not purchased tickets on the observation train for the intercollegiate regatta to-day can see the races in comfort from the steamers Robert Fulton and Albany, of the Hudson River Day Line.

The Albany will leave Desbrosses street at 2:40 a. m., West 42d street at 10 a. m., West 125th street at 10:20 a. m., Yonkers at 10:50 a. m., West Point at 1 p. m. and Newburg at 1:35 p. m., arriving at Poughkeepsie at 2:20 p. m.

The Robert Fulton will leave Desbrosses street at 10:45 a. m., West 42d street at 11 a. m. and West 125th street at 11:20 a. m., arriving at Poughkeepsie at 2:45 p. m.

The two steamers will anchor in the most advantageous position possible, so that their passengers may see the races comfortably.

After the last race the Robert Fulton will return to the Day Line pier, Poughkeepsie, and take on such passengers as are ready to return immediately to New York. She will make no stops except at West 125th street and West 42d street. The Albany will call at the Day Line pier, Poughkeepsie, for observation train and other passengers, and then proceed to New York, making the same stops as on the trip, except that she will not go to Desbrosses street.



JIM WRAY, Harvard's winning coach.

How the Harvard and Yale Crews Were Boated

HARVARD VARSITY EIGHT.				YALE VARSITY EIGHT.			
Position.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.	Position.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Stroke—L. S. Chandler, Jr.	21	6.00	169	Stroke—W. W. Crocker.	22	5.10	152
No. 2—G. Stratton.	23	6.00	170	No. 2—W. J. Lippincott.	22	5.11	158
No. 3—H. A. Murray.	20	6.00	164	No. 3—J. L. Tryce.	19	6.00	174
No. 4—M. MacVicar.	20	6.01	177	No. 4—J. R. Fitzpatrick.	20	6.00	174
No. 5—G. M. MacVicar.	20	6.02	177	No. 5—E. W. Nixon.	19	6.01	172
No. 6—B. Harwood.	20	6.01	177	No. 6—A. V. Phillips.	20	6.02	181
No. 7—E. D. Morgan, Jr.	22	6.01	168	No. 7—F. S. Stephenson.	22	6.00	183
No. 8—Q. Reynolds.	21	6.00	165	No. 8—C. N. Snowden, Cap.	20	6.11	174
Coxswain—A. T. Ables.	21	5.06	107	Row—C. Devereux.	22	5.10	163
				Coxswain—P. Barnum.	21	5.08	119

HARVARD FRESHMAN EIGHT.				YALE FRESHMAN EIGHT.			
Position.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.	Position.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Stroke—L. S. Chandler, Jr.	20	5.11	156	Stroke—R. C. Gillilan.	22	6.00	158
No. 2—C. E. Schall.	19	6.03	168	No. 2—R. L. Low.	20	5.10	167
No. 3—C. B. G. Parson.	19	6.01	176	No. 3—J. R. Fitzpatrick.	20	6.00	174
No. 4—H. S. Middendorf.	19	6.02	170	No. 4—A. von der Ropp, Jr.	20	6.01	181
No. 5—E. W. Snouffer.	20	5.11	172	No. 5—A. D. Sturtevant.	19	6.01	169
No. 6—D. P. Morgan, Capt.	18	5.09	171	No. 6—J. B. Sheldon, Jr.	19	6.11	174
No. 7—A. T. Lyman.	19	6.01	174	Row—W. J. Stauffer.	20	5.10	163
Coxswain—H. S. Krieger.	19	5.06	106	Coxswain—A. McLane, Jr.	18	5.07	115